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GRANT MEMORIAL.

GRANT

Memorial Services,

IN

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

August 9, 1885

BY

THE DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND, GRAND ARMY OF THE
REPUBLIC, AND THE VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE STATE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE DEPARTMENT.

PROVIDENCE:

E. L. FREEMAN & SON, PRINTERS TO THE STATE.

1888.

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Introduction.

The steps taken in gathering the material and preparing the historical memorial here presented, meeting a general and deep desire on the part of veteran soldiers and also of patriotic citizens, may be explained by the following official records:

At the twentieth annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, Jan. 28, 1887, Department Commander, Theodore A. Barton, in his annual address had the following:

“GRANT MEMORIAL SERVICE.

In view of its historic value, and that the same may be preserved as a living memorial of our illustrious and beloved comrade, U. S. Grant, I have the honor to recommend that the Proceedings of the Grant Memorial Service, held on the 8th of August, 1885, under the auspices of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic and Veteran Associations of Rhode Island, in Music Hall, Providence, be printed at an early date.”

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 20th, 1887.

At a meeting of the Council of Administration, held this date, the following Resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That Junior Vice Department Commander, Alonzo Williams, and Past Department Commander, Horatio Rogers be, and are hereby appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of publishing the “Solemn Service” held in Music Hall, Providence, Saturday, Aug. 8th, 1885, in honor of our deceased comrade, Gen. U. S. Grant.

Resolved, That if in their judgment it is advisable, they be requested to prepare the “Service” for publication.

E. HENRY JENKS,
Recorder.

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 4th, 1888.

At the annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., held in Slocum Post Hall, Feb. 4th, 1888, the committee appointed by the Council of Administration to consider the advisability of printing the "Grant Memorial Service," recommended the publication, and the following Resolution was offered by Department Chaplain Denison and adopted by the Encampment:

Resolved. That the committee on the "Grant Memorial Service" be instructed to have printed 500 copies of the Service, and that the Council of Administration be authorized to sell them at 10 cents each.

On motion, Chaplain Denison was added to the committee.

E. HENRY JENKS, A. A. G.

To a proper presentation of the Memorial Services which expressed the deepest feelings of all the people, it was thought best to present withal a portion of the official papers, both civil and military, issued in connection with the occasion, and also a few of the press notices of the proceedings, especially as these spoke the sentiments and heart-beats of the multitude. A just record should aim to give the impressions made at the time by the demonstrations and exercises, while it presents the formal addresses that were made. The services were of the heart, tender, warm and tearful, and greatly deepened and hallowed, in all bosoms, the love of country and the appreciation of noble character. It is such considerations that amply justify this memorial.

THE COMMITTEE.

Contents.

	PAGE.
Governor's Announcement.....	6
Mayor's Announcement.....	7
Action of Veterans.....	8
Council Order.....	9
Department Order.....	10
Governor's Proclamation.....	11
The Funeral Day.....	12
The Thought of the Hour.....	14
The Day of Mourning.....	16
The Parade.....	18
The Programme.....	20
The Memorial Service.....	22
Address by Gen. Horatio Rogers.....	23
Address by Prof. Alonzo Williams.....	28
Address by Prof. E. B. Andrews.....	34
Address by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson.....	40
Address by Hon. N. W. Aldrich.....	42
Press Notice.....	45
Dirge, by Frederic Denison—Department Chaplain... ..	47

Governor's Announcement.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

PROVIDENCE, July 30th, 1885.

General Orders No. 7.

I. The Commander-in-Chief, with profound regret announces the death of General Ulysses S. Grant.

II. As a tribute of respect to the memory of this illustrious soldier, the officers of the militia will wear the usual badge of mourning for three months, and upon occasions of ceremony all regimental and battalion colors, and the guidons of cavalry and artillery will be furled and draped with crape for the same period.

III. On the day of the funeral the commanding officer of the Newport Artillery will cause minute guns to be fired in the city of Newport, and the commanding officer of Battery A, Light Artillery, R. I. M., will cause minute guns to be fired in the city of Providence, during the hours of the funeral ceremonies, to the number of sixty-three, or one for each year of General Grant's life, and at the setting of the sun a national salute of thirty-eight guns. By order of

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE,

Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

ELISHA DYER, JR., *Adjutant General.*

Mayor's Announcement.

CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

CITY HALL, July 23, 1885.

The Mayor, with feelings of deep regret, announces to the citizens of Providence the sad intelligence of the decease at 8:09 a. m., at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., of the illustrious soldier and statesman, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, after a long season of suffering, which he has endured with heroic patience and fortitude; and through the various stages of which he has been followed by the prayers and solicitude of the entire country.

Out of respect to the distinguished dead, the national flag upon the City Hall will be kept at half-mast until sunset of the day of the funeral, and the other public flags will be displayed from sunrise to sunset on that day.

The Grand Army of the Republic will hold a memorial service at 10:30 a. m., at which time the bells of the several churches will commence tolling and continue one hour.

His Excellency the Governor having appointed Saturday, the 8th of August inst. (the day set apart for the funeral), as a day of solemn fast, the City Hall and Executive Departments of the Municipal Government will be closed and business suspended.

The Mayor earnestly requests that all places of business, workshops and manufactories be also closed on that day; also that emblems of mourning be displayed throughout the city.

THOS. A. DOYLE,

Mayor.

PROVIDENCE, July 27th, 1885.

The General Reunion Committee of the Veteran organizations met at the office of the President, C. C. Gray, 62 Weybosset St., on Monday, July 27th, 1885, to take action on the death of Gen. U. S. Grant.

The following Veteran Regiments were represented, viz.:

1st R. I. D. M., Geo. E. Allen.
2d R. I. Infantry, E. H. Rhodes.
1st Light Artillery Regiment, C. C. Gray.
1st Cavalry Regiment, Dr. A. C. Robbins.
3d Heavy Artillery Regiment, C. H. Williams.
4th Infantry Regiment, J. T. P. Bucklin.
5th Infantry Regiment, L. L. Burton.
7th Infantry Regiment, W. H. Joyce.
9th Infantry Regiment, J. T. Pitman.
10th Infantry Regiment, W. T. Spicer.
11th Infantry Regiment, H. S. Olney.
2d and 3d Cavalry Regiment, G. C. Pomroy.
14th Heavy Artillery Regiment, D. S. Howard.
U. S. Veteran Association, W. D. Mason.

Resolved, That the Veteran Regimental Associations unite with the G. A. R. of this State in holding a Memorial Service on the day of Gen. Grant's funeral, Aug. 8th, 1885.

Resolved, That the President of the Reunion Committees appoint such committees as he may deem necessary to carry out the observance of the day, and to hire music and incur such other expenses as he may think best.

Attest:

WM. H. JOYCE,
Secretary.

Council Order.

PROVIDENCE, July 27th, 1885.

In accordance with S. O. No. 34, C. S., the Council of Administration met at 159 High St. and was called to order at 12.30 p. m. by Department Commander Cory who stated that the meeting was called to consider the proper observance of the funeral of our late comrade Gen. U. S. Grant.

Comrade Wm. F. Hutchinson briefly outlined a service consisting of singing and brief addresses by members of the G. A. R. only, and on his motion it was

Resolved, That the Council constitute a committee to carry out such a program, and that Department Commander Cory be authorized to appoint such sub-committees as may be needed.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the Veteran Association be invited to participate with us in making and carrying out the arrangements, and that the Militia organizations and their Veteran Associations be invited to attend the Services.

E. HENRY JENKS,
Recorder.

Department Order.

HEADQUARTERS

DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND, G. A. R.

PROVIDENCE, August 1, 1885.

General Orders, No. 8.

I. In accordance with directions of the Council of Administration, given at a meeting held in this city July 27th, solemn services will be held in Music Hall, Providence, at eleven o'clock, A. M. on Saturday the 8th instant, in honor of our deceased comrade, General Ulysses S. Grant. The several Veteran Associations of the State will unite with us in paying the last tribute of love and respect to our heroic dead.

II. Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic are requested to meet at ten o'clock, A. M., of that date, on South Water street, right resting on College street, wearing full Post uniform, with sash on left arm and sword hilts. The line will start at ten thirty o'clock, moving directly up Westminster street to Music Hall.

By command of

EUGENE A. CORY,

Department Commander.

E. HENRY JENKS, A. A. G.

Governor's Proclamation.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

A PROCLAMATION BY HIS EXCELLENCY, GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, GOVERNOR.

WHEREAS, Saturday the eighth day of August, A. D. 1885, has been appointed for the obsequies of Ulysses S. Grant, late President of the United States and General of the Army :

Now, therefore, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I, GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, Governor of the State, by virtue of the authority vested in me by law, do issue this, my proclamation, appointing the said SATURDAY, August 8th, 1885, as a day of solemn fast, and I declare the same to be, by operation of the Statute, a legal holiday.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at Providence this fifth day of August, in the year of our
[L. S.] Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, of the founding of the State the two hundred and fiftieth, and of Independence the one hundred and tenth.

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE.

By the Governor,

JOSHUA M. ADDEMAN,
Secretary of State.

The Funeral Day.

THE CITY'S RECOGNITION OF THE GRANT OBSEQUIES.—VETERAN
MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MUSIC HALL, AND SUSPENSION OF
BUSINESS.

In compliance with the proclamations of His Excellency Governor Wetmore and His Honor Mayor Doyle, the State and city will observe to-day, August 8, as a day of solemn fast in recognition of the solemnization of the last sad rites to the memory of the nation's hero, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at the metropolis, where his remains are to be consigned to their last resting place with impressive and imposing ceremony. For several days past the public buildings and prominent business establishments have been draped with the habiliments of mourning, and business will be generally suspended during the day, so that the peaceful quiet of a Sabbath day will reign throughout the State, broken by the solemn tolling of the bells and the reverberating thunder of the minute guns which will count the life of the distinguished dead by three score and three salutes in the capital cities of the State, fired by veteran artillery organizations. The national colors will be displayed at half-mast from sunrise to sunset in mute recognition of his gallant services on the field of battle for his country's safety and honor, and at sunset a national salute of thirty-eight guns will signify the departure of one of the saddest days in American history.

The Grand Army and Veteran Associations throughout the State will hold memorial services, and at Music Hall there is to be a veterans' memorial observance with music and addresses by distinguished gentlemen at 11 o'clock. There will be a grand parade of War Veterans at 10 o'clock, the column

being formed on Exchange Place, and the route will lay direct to Music Hall, the body of the house being reserved for the Veterans, while the galleries and unoccupied floor space will be open to the public. The hall is to be elaborately decorated, and the order of exercises of an interesting and impressive character. After the organizations are seated, the doors will be thrown open to the public, the invited guests being requested to report to Gen. Charles R. Brayton at 10.30 o'clock, for assignment to seats in the reserved sections on either side of the platform.

The addresses are limited to ten minutes each, and the singing by the choir of the Union Congregational Church will undoubtedly be a pleasing feature of the service. The absence of Chaplain Woodbury is a source of deep disappointment, but a worthy successor has been chosen, and Senator Aldrich has kindly consented to make one of the addresses. It is thought that there will be ample accommodations for the public in the hall, as the observances in other parts of the State will naturally draw largely upon the ranks of the Department and Veteran Associations.—*Providence Journal*.

The Thought of the Hour.

The ex-Confederate soldiers have appointed a large and influential committee to represent them at the obsequies of General Grant. They have draped in mourning the house in which Generals Grant and Lee signed the terms of surrender. In all this broad land there will be to-day exhibited the outward tokens of grief, as there will be felt the deepest sorrow for the death of the invincible leader of the army of the Union. Business will be suspended. The mourners will go about the streets and congregate to condole with each other, and draw new inspiration of public spirit from the contemplation of the life of the silent, the brave, the self-poised, the trustworthy man, who, by his energy, ability and integrity, placed himself on the roll of fame in conjunction with Washington and Lincoln.

The most conspicuous spectacle, that in the city of New York, to participate in which hundreds of thousands of persons have left their business and their homes, will only feebly illustrate the sentiment of the millions who, in village or in the country, will be thinking of all that has been escaped; all that is promised in the future; and of him who under God saved and gave us so much; for so far as the human mind can judge, from the facts patent to all, Grant did what he did, not for personal fame, not for high position, but for the good of his country. He did not seek the Presidency; he did not seek a renomination in 1876 when urged upon him strenuously by the Republican party. He was simple in his habits as a soldier; he was honest in his convictions as President.

There will be a more silent, yet a more intensified respect for the man, and love for all that he personified in our theory

of obligation to duty, private and public. He will be remembered not as one "upon whom shone each star of heaven, except the guiding one," but as one who was controlled by the bright light of truth and honor: and whose influence is and will be felt for good "to the last syllable of recorded time." In turning away from his tomb the people will turn to their usual vocations with minds strengthened, with hearts purified and with something of that devotion to the right, which was the one characteristic of Grant which will give him an immortality of influence in the memory of America.
—*Providence Journal*.

The Day of Mourning.

RECOGNITION OF THE FUNERAL HOUR IN THIS CITY.—VETERANS'
MEMORIAL SERVICE TO THE OLD COMMANDER.—ELOQUENT
EULOGIES BY PROMINENT CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS.

To-day a nation is paying the last tribute of love and honor to its hero. While the funeral car that bears the lifeless clay of Gen. Grant moves slowly through the streets of the metropolis; while thousands and thousands are looking silently on that black draped equipage, and muffled drums are beating the funeral step for the long and reverent cortege; the eyes of the nation follow the course of that car with its honored dead, and other thousands in every city, town and village in this great land hold solemn service in memory of him, whom in life they loved to honor, and in death may well love; so performing the one sad duty which the hour affectionately demands. The leader alike of citizen and soldier, a nation (America) mourns.

In this city the formal observance of the obsequies was both civic and military; as spontaneous as it was general. And while the day and hour were named when the people of Providence, together with the people of the nation, should give formal expression to that grief which was theirs, in common with the nation, under the loss which had fallen upon it, no proclamation of Governor or Mayor, no closing of the stores and suspension of the daily routine of business, not even the sombre drappings, the solemn procession, the dirge and formal services could be any more than forms by which a loving people may pay a tribute of respect and love rather than fully express the feelings which lie beneath all form and pomp and ceremony. The preparations for the day and hour were made quickly and with a spirit of harmony and unanimity that showed the feeling that imbued all whose province it was to formally recognize the occasion. To the Grand Army of the Republic and the Veteran Associations of

this State, there was but the one sad fact prominent, that their great commander was dead and that action of the grand body, as a unit, was required to give a last formal expression of honor and affection if not, in full, of the feelings that welled in every soldier's heart. The sad duty once presented, action followed that was at once soldierly and wisely arranged and pursued. On Monday, the 27th ultimo, the Council of Administration, called together by Department Commander Cory, met and arranged immediately a programme of services, simple enough in its form, no less fitting to this occasion, unlike any they had ever been called upon to act on. That evening, pursuant to the invitation of Capt. Charles C. Gray, the veteran association acted and united with the Grand Army to further the one object of the soldiers. The details of the programme were as quickly decided upon, and by the beginning of the week the great organizations of soldiers had everything arranged in unison for the observance of the hour. The several regimental associations at their annual meetings or excursions took advantage of the occasion to pass resolutions expressive of their feelings and of condolence for those who perhaps felt a loss keener than their own. Slocum Post, at a meeting on the evening of Wednesday, the 29th, listened to informal addresses befitting the hour, and passed resolutions of condolences; and on Sunday evening under the auspices of this post St. Stephen's church was filled to listen to the impressive memorial service—a fit introduction to the memorial week.

The dawn of morning gave promise of a glorious day. The sky was clear and although the sun shone with hardly a cloud to screen it, its warm rays were tempered by the cool southern breeze, and a more beautiful morning for the solemn exercises could not have been hoped for. The civic demonstration was expressed in the general suspension of business throughout the city. The fronts of hundreds of buildings were hung with sombre drapings, while in the windows, variously draped, were prominent pictures of the dead chieftain, and trimmings reverential and suggestive. The flags at the city staffs waved at half-mast, as did the flags and banners flying all over the city.—*Providence Journal*.

378 Parade.

The line was formed in two divisions, the first composed of the posts of the Grand Army, formed on South Water street, right resting on Market square; the second, the Veteran Associations, on Exchange Place, right resting on Washington Row. The Grand Army moved at 10:30 o'clock, turning into Market square and Westminster street, and the Veteran Associations wheeled into the square from Canal street and took position on the left of the line. The route of march lay directly up Westminster street to Music Hall, and the line was made up as follows:

Platoon of Police, Sergeant Rankin.

White's Military Band, Theodore Allen, leader: 16 pieces.

Department Commander Eugene A. Cory, Assistant Adjutant General E. Henry Jenks and staff.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Prescott Post, No. 1, Commander George H. Chenery, Adjutant William H. Chenery and staff; 138 comrades.

First Company, Comrade Geo. W. Barry in command.

Second Company, Comrade Orrin Wilson in command.

Third Company, Comrade Albert H. Dehnah.

Fourth Company, Comrade Henry Howe in command.

Fifth Company, Comrade Joseph D. Brooks in command.

Sixth Company, Sergt. Major Joseph G. Skinner in command.

Slocum Post, No. 10, Adjutant George Edward Allen, Acting Commander; George M. Turner, Acting Adjutant, and staff; 110 comrades.

First Company, Acting Senior Vice Commander H. C. Luther in command.

Second Company, Comrade John A. Vaughn in command.

Third Company, Comrade John W. Gale in command.

Fourth Company, Acting Junior Vice Commander S. A. Barker in command.

Arnold Post Drum Corps, Frank Brown, leader, 9 pieces.

Arnold Post, No. 4, commander Geo. W. Blair, Adjutant B. Matthew Sullivan, and staff, 50 comrades.

1st Company, Senior Vice Commander, John T. Drinan in command.

2d Company, Junior Vice Commander A. B. Pressy in command.

Redman Post, No. 12, Commander Theodore Andrews, Adjutant Frank A. Chase, 20 comrades.

Ives Post, No. 13, Commander John H. Frances, Adjutant J. Henry Sharp, 23 comrades.

VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Charles C. Gray in command, Henry S. Olney, Adjutant, and staff.

First Regiment, R. I. V., Charles H. Merriman, President; J. Harry Welch, Active Vice President, 40 comrades.

Second Regiment, R. I. V., Capt. W. B. Sears, President; Maj. W. J. Bradford, Acting Adjutant, 100 comrades.

First Rhode Island Cavalry, W. P. Lovett, Vice President; 24 comrades.

First Rhode Island Light Artillery, N. W. Potter, First Vice President, 30 comrades.

Second and Third Rhode Island Cavalry, Captain Peter Brucker, 45 comrades.

Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Captain John E. Burroughs, President; General Horatio Rogers, Vice President, 52 comrades.

Fourth Regiment, R. I. V., D. F. Longstreet, President, 20 comrades.

Fifth Regiment, R. I. V., Mark Handy, President, 52 comrades.

Seventh Regiment, R. I. V., Major W. H. Joyce, President; Major Ethan A. Jenks, Vice President, 50 comrades.

Ninth Regiment, R. I. V., J. Talbot Pitman, President, 40 comrades.

Eleventh Regiment, R. I. V., R. B. Little, President; Joseph E. Handy, Vice President, 75 comrades.

Twelfth Regiment, R. I. V., Captain C. Henry Alexander, Commanding, 40 comrades.

United States Veteran Association, William Avery, President, 50 comrades.

Order of Services.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND, G. A.
R. AND VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS OF RHODE ISLAND.

Organ, "Marche Funèbre,"..... Beethoven.
Anthem, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," Barnby.
Prayer Chaplain S. W. FIELD.
Response, "Thy Will Be Done."
Address Gen. HORATIO ROGERS
Hymn, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,"..... Abt.
Address Prof. ALONZO WILLIAMS.
Army Melody, "The Vacant Chair," Root.
Address Prof. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.
Hymn, "The Lord is my Shepherd,"..... Koschat.
Address Dr. W. F. HUTCHINSON.
Invocation, "Sleep, Comrade, Sleep," Dwyer
Address Senator N. W. ALDRICH.
Hymn, "Farewell, Father, Friend and Guardian," Root.
National Hymn, "America,".....The audience will join, standing.
Closing Prayer and Benediction,....Chaplain FREDERIC DENISON.

The music was under charge of Mr. Charles L. Kenyon, organist, the choir consisting of Mrs. Hattie Gates McKown, soprano; Mrs. Cora Bishop Stone, contralto; Mr. Thomas E. Johnson, tenor; Mr John Deas, bass.

INVITATION COMMITTEE.—Eugene A. Cory, Department Commander; Chas. C. Gray, Chairman General Committee Veteran Associations.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.—Gen. Chas. R. Brayton, 3d R. I. H. A.; Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, 16th R. I. Vols.; Hon. Henry J. Spooner, 4th R. I. Vols.; Col. Henry R. Barker, 10th R. I. Vols.; Capt. Wm. W. Douglas, 5th R. I. Vols.; Col. Chas. H. Williams, 3d R. I. H. A.; Col. Philip S. Chase, 1st R. I. Lt. Art.; Gen. E. H. Rhodes, 2d R. I. Vols.; Dr. A. O. Robbins, 1st R. I. Cav.; Capt. Albert C. Howard, 11th R. I. Vols.; Col. John M. Studley, U. S. Vet. Assocn.; Hon. Joshua M. Addeman, 14th R. I. H. A.; Gen. Chas. R. Dennis, 1st R. I. D. M.;

Col. Oscar Lapham, 12th R. I. Vols.; D. F. Longstreet, 4th R. I. Vols.; Dr. John C. Budlong, Med. Director.; Gen. Elisha Dyer, Jr.; Col. James Moran, 5th R. I. Vols.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.—Henry S. Olney, 11th R. I. Vols.; Job Reynolds, 4th R. I. Vols.; Isaac M. Potter, 5th R. I. Vols.; Geo. A. Carmichael, Jr., 9th R. I. Vols.; Francis B. Butts, U. S. Navy.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC, SPEAKERS AND PROGRAMME.—Wm. F. Hutchinson, Asst. Q. M. Gen.; E. Henry Jenks, Asst. Adj. Gen.; E. C. Pomroy, 2d and 3d R. I. Cav.; Geo. H. Remington, 11th R. I. Vols.; C. Henry Alexander, 12th R. I. Vols.; Benj. L. Hall, 5th R. I. Vols.

COMMITTEE ON HALL DECORATIONS.—Theodore A. Barton, S. V. Dept. Com'dr.; Peleg Maconber, C. of A.; George Dixon.; Edwin A. Calder, 1st R. I. D. M.; Geo. Edward Allen, 1st R. I. D. M.; Wm. D. Mason, U. S. Vet. Assocn.; Geo. A. Wallace, U. S. Vet. Assocn.

COMMITTEE ON SALUTE AND BELL RINGING.—William H. Joyce, 7th R. I. Vols.; Wm. J. Bradford, 2d R. I. Vols.; Benoni Lewis, 5th R. I. Vols.; J. Talbot Pitman, 9th R. I. Vols.; Benjamin H. Child, 1st R. I. Lt. Art.

The Memorial Service.

THE GRAND ARMY AND VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS' OBSERVANCE AT
MUSIC HALL.

The sad and solemn procession reached Music Hall about 10:45 o'clock, and to the measured strains of a funeral march the comrades entered the hall and stood uncovered in the body of the auditorium until at a signal from Department Commander Cory they were seated. The galleries had been thrown open for the entrance of the ladies, and they were well filled on the entrance of the veterans. The hall was draped with pleasing simplicity and tastefulness by Senior Vice Department Commander T. A. Barton, Adjutant George Edward Allen and Comrade George A. Wallace, of the Council of Administration. Resting against the organ front was a large portrait of the dead hero, with a black background, a wreath of myrtle resting upon the top of the frame, and it was flanked with the national colors, which also rested against the organ. The pillars in the upper gallery were festooned with drapery, and a broad band of black cambric concealed the gallery fronts the entire circuit of the hall. The G. A. R. and National colors were clustered at either extremity of the platform. The guests occupied seats upon the platform and reserved sections in the right and left wings of the gallery, and comprised a distinguished gathering of citizens from all parts of the State. Prominent among them were Congressmen Aldrich, Pirce and Spooner, ex-Gov. Littlefield, Lieut. Gov. Darling, Mayor Doyle, ex-Mayors Barstow and Hayward, members of the Board of Aldermen and Common Council, Justices of the Supreme Court, Faculty of Brown University, officers of the First, Second, Fourth and

Fifth Battalions of Infantry, First Battalion of Cavalry, Battery A, Light Artillery, and the United Train of Artillery, the clergy of the city, officers of the Department G. A. R. and army veteran organizations and others.

The exercises commenced at 11 o'clock, with an organ voluntary, "Marche Funèbre," Beethoven, played with delicacy and depth of expression by Mr. Charles L. Kenyon, organist of the Union Congregational Church. The booming of the minute guns outside and the solemn tolling of the bells lent a touching accompaniment to the subdued strains of the entertainment, and the anthem, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," Barnby, rendered by the choir of the Union Congregational Church, Mrs. Hattie Gates McKown, soprano; Mrs. Cora Bishop Stone, contralto; Mr. Thomas E. Johnson, tenor; and Mr. John Deas, bass, formed a tender and impressive supplement to the instrumental selection. A fervent prayer was then offered by Chaplain S. W. Field, and the choir sang a responsive hymn "Thy Will be Done," with tender intonation.

The opening address was then delivered by Gen. Horatio Rogers, who discussed Grant as a soldier in an eloquent and forcible manner in comparison with Napoleon and Wellington, his glowing eulogy meeting with appreciative applause, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY GEN. HORATIO ROGERS.

GRANT, THE SOLDIER.

Great crises develop great men. Happily for America the chief conflicts in her history developed Washington and Grant, the Father and the Saviour of their country. In the brief period allotted me I shall confine my remarks to Grant the soldier.

Great Generals are born, not made. The germ of the truly great commander is planted by his Creator at his birth, which only a great exigency can bring to maturity. Early training and experience can

assist the development, but they can do no more, for the God-given quality is no mere artificial production. So it was with Grant. From his first active service in the late civil war it was apparent that he was the right man in the right place, and as his place kept enlarging he continued to be the right man, appalled at no responsibilities, overcoming all obstacles, triumphing where others had failed. As long as an enemy remained in arms he was as untiring in his blows as the waves of the ocean beating on a ship doomed to destruction. In the spring of 1864, when it seemed as if he would drown the rebellion in human blood, his casualties in less than sixty days reaching 70,000 men, he appeared as inexorable as fate. At Donelson, at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, in his Virginia campaign, no temporary reverse could swerve him from his purpose, and he moved right on to ultimate success apparently as irresistible as destiny. When the armed foe yielded, this stern embodiment of war was instantly metamorphosed into the gentlest representative of peace, and he who but a moment before had overcome the arms of his enemies bade fair to overcome their hearts also. He would receive Lee's hand but not his sword: he veritably turned the swords of the captured Confederates into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, by bidding them take their horses home with them for the next spring's ploughing; and he rescued his paroled prisoners from the vengeance of a President whom he defied. The *little* man shrinks from responsibility alike in war and in peace, but the *great* man grasps it as a natural heritage. Surely he who

took the responsibilities Grant assumed, and achieved his results, must be both a great General and a great man.

Some strive to measure Grant by comparing him with other great commanders, as if there was a common standard, an universal law. Surrounding circumstances are so different that standards of comparison must necessarily be unequal. There is no rule by which to gauge greatness, the great General being a rule unto himself. This applies likewise to rules relating to the military art. The great leader will not be cramped by existing rules. He will make exceptions for himself. This, Grant did at Vicksburg and in Virginia. How then can you compare great Generals? Take Wellington and Grant. Conspicuous as were the deeds of the Iron Duke, duty did not compel him to direct the movements of vast armies more than a thousand miles apart, as Grant did when Lieutenant General; neither was he called on to guide the arms of a nation contending with itself. Take Grant and Napoleon Bonaparte. The former, unlike the latter, never wantonly led his countrymen against foreign neighbors, and he was famous only for his victories, as he made no retreat from Moscow, and was overwhelmed at no Waterloo. Judged by results, did either accomplish more than Grant? Napoleon not only lost an empire, but his own life-long liberty. Wellington secured Great Britain from a possible foreign invasion, and prevented some of the kingdoms of Europe from being shorn of a part of their power. Grant saved his country from sure disintegration and decay, and

thus perpetuated in the eyes of the world the hopeful example of a republic of freemen developing into one of the most powerful and prosperous nations of the age.

There is one criticism upon Grant that is sometimes made, worthy of special consideration. It has been said of his Virginia campaign that he was too extravagant in the use of his human resources, too unmindful of the lives of his men, too regardless of the slaughter of his soldiers. This would seem to be a narrow and short sighted view. Grant reminds one of a bold and skillful surgeon. Some operators would cut too superficially, and thus not eradicating the evil, would be obliged to cut again and again, only prolonging the agony, increasing the aggregate flow of blood, and by frittering away the strength of the patient utterly fail of saving life. The bold and skillful surgeon, however, would cut deeply and adequately, undismayed by the flow of blood that the occasion demanded, and by one operation would succeed in effecting a cure.

The best commentary upon Grant, the soldier, is afforded by the Army of the Potomac, after he practically assumed its command. Prior to the spring of 1864 it was a common remark in that organization that the Army of the Potomac always doubled on its steps, always revisited a place it once had occupied, always fought its battles twice; that when it advanced and fought it was sure to fall back, and thus its reverses were disastrous; that when it fell back and fought it never promptly advanced, and hence its victories were inconclusive. There

was a first battle of Bull Run and a second battle of Bull Run ; there was a first battle of Fredericksburg and a second battle of Fredericksburg ; Chancellorsville and Mine Run were both in the Wilderness near together ; and Gettysburg was but an emphasized Antietam, and though across the borders of adjoining States, were not so far apart but that they required marching over much of the same territory. After Grant had had command of the Army of the Potomac for a brief period that style of remark died out ; for, notwithstanding the frightful losses in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and elsewhere, it never again retreated, but always advanced. The average soldier measured the result of his fighting by the test of retreat or advance. If he fought and retreated he inferred that defeat caused it ; if he fought and advanced he reasoned that only success could have permitted it. So when Grant constantly fought and advanced, and never retreated, the Army of the Potomac regarded itself as well-nigh invincible, for it had caught the spirit of its great commander, who proposed to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" who would "accept no terms except immediate and unconditional surrender," and who "proposed to move immediately upon the enemy's works."

To-day the remains of our great commander pass from our earthly vision. While millions of heads are bowed in sadness and foreign nations look on in sympathy, his body is borne to the tomb with equal affection by the chief surviving military representatives of the cause he championed and the cause he

crushed; and his country with enduring gratitude will inscribe his name with those of Washington and Lincoln on her history in perennial characters and imperishable fame.

The beautiful hymn, "He giveth His beloved sleep," Abt, was then sung by the choir, and Prof. Alonzo Williams of Brown University delivered a scholarly and graceful tribute to the life and character of the nation's hero, which commanded rapt attention. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY PROF. ALONZO WILLIAMS.

GRANT DIVINELY COMMISSIONED.

Comrades: Our Commander is dead. We sit under the shadow of a great sorrow that spreads its dark wings over the land. We gather to gaze once more with moistened eye and loving heart upon that stern yet benignant face. As we reflect upon the wonderful achievements of that noble life, the fullness of its rounded mission dawns upon us now as never before. The military career of our Captain was so marvellous, men could not grasp its grand proportions. His greatness was so giant-like, so rare, and clothed withal in such modest garb, men questioned once if he was great. When gazing on Mont Blanc, that king of mountains, leagues are requisite to gain the proper perspective. Full twenty years has it required of time to grasp the Titan outline of our hero, and only after the lapse of a century will men fully comprehend and appreciate the magnitude of his services.

It is difficult to obtain a complete conception of the whole man. So many-sided was he, and every

side so wondrous and attractive, our gaze is now arrested on the separate phases of his character. We extol his firmness, his magnanimity, his self-abnegation. We wonder at his calm self-poise, his courage, his silence. We admire his unaffected simplicity, his genuine honesty, his domestic virtues. But all these combined did not make him great. They were but the outward evidences of his greatness.

May we not discover the deep underlying source, the hidden determining impulse of those wondrous forces that achieved so much which holds captive now the admiration of the world. Seek to measure him by military standards, and one is puzzled at every step. Nor do the common standards of life avail, for the elements of romance are mingled with the lordliest powers and sternest virtues. Study aright, however, the connected incidents of his whole life, and one is forced to the conviction that he was a man divinely commissioned, a man chosen and reared, like Washington, for the great work he accomplished. His mission did not begin at Donelson and end at Appomattox, but was entered upon in the preparation of his youth, and consummated on Mount McGregor. If we take this high view of the man, all the wonderful events of his varied and ever interesting career are no longer fortuitous, as often imagined, and all those matchless qualities of his mind, and those strongly contrasted elements of his character, spring necessarily from a nature which is not complex nor mysterious, but simple rather in its texture.

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Not the least interesting and instructive period of his life ended with his thirty-ninth year. Observe the providential way he was led to secure his military education. Follow his brilliant career in Mexico. Then mark his withdrawal from among men to live in obscurity "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," apart from the petty competitions and narrowing conventionalities of life where men's powers are wasted, that he might know the labor and sorrow of the common people, might ripen in want's inurement, and thus grow strong within himself for his great mission. How long and patiently he waited for the summons that was to place him in four short years among the foremost men on earth. There is something grand and solemn, something inspiring in the contemplation of this period. We can almost hear the voice of Providence announcing, as in the stately lines of Milton, its high purpose :

"To exercise him in the wilderness;
There he shall lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer."

To one who will follow from point to point the gradual unfolding of his genius from the moment when he was called from obscurity to the hour when he commanded an army vaster than was ever commanded before by man, there will be disclosed such evidences of an inspired mission as are seldom witnessed. They are seen first in his unswerving loyalty, his deep sense of obligation to his country, and a fixed determination to serve her, though the tender of his services pass unnoticed, and even if the captain

from the regular army must begin as a private of volunteers. He did not wait to study the issues. The inevitable results burst as in prophetic vision upon his mind, his native instincts told him the time had come to act. It was an inspiration from Heaven. And it is his glory now and his country's fortune that he yielded to the plastic hand divine and followed without halting the guiding spirit.

Soon he began to rise. Then we see the display of that great patience, a virtue in him so sure, so deep, that it never forsook him, even in his last great struggle. At first, in the army he was distrusted, then envied and maligned, then humiliated by so-called superiors, ignored, disgraced. A soul swayed by native impulses alone would have resigned itself to a seemingly implacable destiny, but he, continuing ever unmoved in the unruffled depths of his own great self, marches straight on in the line of duty and slowly but surely rises by the upward gravitation of his divinely implanted powers, until finally at Vicksburg there bursts forth in all its meridian splendor that military genius which startled the world, a genius that never was so great, so unerring as when to common sight the situation was hopeless. Thus with matchless patience his way he wins—

“And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.”

“And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.”

The most prominent characteristics which reveal

the inspiration of his mission are his singleness of purpose, his unwavering faith, and the clearness of his mental vision. A single eye upon a single end, an unfaltering faith in its accomplishment, a clearness of vision that enabled him to see all the elements of the problem before him in their true functions and relations, and to proceed to its solution with all the assurance and accuracy of the mathematician, these in him, as ever, are the evidences of inspiration and sureties of success. "The chief characteristic," writes Sherman to him, "is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga, no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this that made *us* act with confidence." Was he calm and unmoved when overwhelming disaster confronted him? It was his faith. His calmness was the repose of conscious power. The battle had been already fought within and won upon the broad untroubled field of his capacious mind. These three powers, like his three great armies in the field, he brings to bear in converging lines upon the task before him, the suppression of "armed rebellion." He knows nothing else, cares for nothing else. Self, even, is lost, absorbed in his mission. This alone is his duty, his life, his religion. To this he bends all the energies of his mighty soul, with a power that grasps the tremendous situation in all its magnitude; with an insight

that apprehends the minutest details ; with a fortitude that endures unmoved its awful disasters ; with a faith that looks only forward amid the bewildering scenes, unshaken, undisturbed ; with a determination as fixed as the perpetual hills, and with a pursuit as unceasing as the force of gravitation, and as relentless, grinding all before it, if need be, to dust. And yet the moment this mission is accomplished, he exhibits a heart as tender as a woman's and a magnanimity for the parallel of which we search the pages of history in vain. Where the vindictiveness that marches in the train of the conqueror? Where the pride that perches on his brow? Whence this divine insight that shows him how to conquer the hearts of his foe and win us back our brothers?

The last act in his great mission has just closed. In the full light of its vast beneficial influences, who can doubt that it, too, was by the dispensation of Providence? Who shall say it was not the grandest act of all?

These scenes of suffering alone were wanting to touch all hearts and fuse them into unity. The South vies to-day with the North in expressions of love and admiration and in its loyal eagerness to accept the results of his mission. His bier is moistened by the tears of an undivided Union ; his tomb is garlanded by the love of a reunited people. Thus grandly does the unity of a common country rise anew from the grave of him who led the Union armies at Appomattox.

The epic of a divinely-commissioned life, how fittingly ended ! Poetry itself or song ne'er closed a

career of earthly greatness by a more glorious consummation. As we gather about his sepulchre with those who fought so valiantly against us, may we recall the mission of his life and with one heart and one voice repeat his own undying words—

“ Let us have peace.”

The army melody, “The Vacant Chair,” Root, was then exquisitely rendered by the choir, Mrs. McKown and Mr. Johnson sustaining the solos, the audience sitting in hushed silence during the singing of the favorite selection. Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, then addressed his fellow-comrades in words of thoughtful and expressive eulogy of the distinguishing traits of character of the noble dead, speaking as follows:

ADDRESS BY PROF. E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF GRANT.

Comrades and Fellow Citizens: We participate to-day in literally the most remarkable funeral ever celebrated on earth. It is national; it is international; it is every way unique.

The Athenians had a custom of honoring their soldiers slain upon the battlefield with a public burial. The rite was touching and beautiful. But never, in that sweetest suburb of the ancient city, dedicated as the last resting place of Attic braves, where they laid out the sacred bones in cypress coffins, and where some silver tongue extolled the valor of the deed, while their wives, mothers, and sisters wailed the dirge, never did patriotic Athens see obsequies like these.

Yet the mourning and the pageant of this day are

none too massive for the subject of them. You have heard praises for his worth in various particulars; I will mention his preëminence in another.

General Grant had in him one of the grandest souls that ever alighted on our orb. This was manifest first, in that, though soldier, and at last the most exalted of soldiers, he still retained, from the beginning to the end of his career, the temper and character of a man. He did not sink the man in the military man. He had all a soldier's virtues, like the peerless Bayard of history and romance, the "chevalier without fear and without reproach," but he was glorified by a whole galaxy of excellencies which soldiers too often lack. He was pure of speech and of habit, never profane, never so much as irreverent. His family he idolized, and even in active service would have them near him if he could. Lofty command did not make him vain. For gorgeous uniforms and reviews he cared nothing. When he came to Washington to be made supreme, and registered at Willard's, no star distinguished him, and his dusty blouse and slouch hat, with his total freedom from parade, made all the bystanders doubt whether this could really be the man of continental fame, the "U. S. Grant" he signed himself. No inferior officer, no private in the ranks, ever heard from him a haughty word. If, for temporary purposes, they were subject to his commands, he did not forget that as men and citizens they were as high and good as he. You have known officers, not of the topmost grades, whose memory failed them here.

Closely akin to this was General Grant's inflexible

civic spirit. He was a citizen-soldier, a patriot in arms for his country, and this is saying much. But he was a citizen and patriot of an extraordinary type. He loved his country, not blindly, as merely the land where Providence has pleased to cast his lot, but intelligently, as a republican land, governed by and for the people.

Pericles, pronouncing his masterly oration over the dead in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, begins with a survey of those free institutions whereof Athens was so justly proud, as if accounting thrice meritorious heroes who had braved death out of love to such a State.

The same consummate merit belongs to this, our modern Republican, this greater Cincinnatus. How sturdy, of what tough fiber, his democratic conviction! It clung to him, and characterized his every act, from Belmont to Appomattox. Mightier than a dictator, commanding the most gigantic army ever mustered under a single general in civilized warfare, he remained to the end, in spirit, a genuine tribune of the people.

And when he traveled abroad, the central figure in the world's eye, honored as no other man in all history has been, triumphing as never Roman consul or Caesar did, seeing "the long, victorious pomp wind down the sacred way," with honor that would have dazed Alexander and made him think himself in a dream, our leather-seller of Galena was not puffed up, but grew the while to love better than before the land he had fought for, and to prize simple citizenship there as outweighing in value all the

other fortunes that earth could pile. In this Grant has absolutely no historic parallel save Washington, and in some respects even the Father of his Country is at this point not his peer.

Greatness of soul appears, again, in Grant's power to rise superior to detraction and abuse. You know how he was first neglected and ignored, then unjustly criticised, misrepresented, slandered, superseded. He had to run, I think, a hotter gauntlet of this sort than any other General in the war. For long, everything was against him. All seemed to have forgotten his perfectly splendid record in Mexico, and he had no friends in high places. Besides, he was so silent, modest, unobtrusive; attentive to duty, he sounded his own praises so little, officers of a different stripe thought him stupid. He began to succeed, but he got him foes rather than friends. After his brilliant stroke at Donelson, partly envy, partly stolid inability to recognize fine qualities, led men to say: "O, it is all luck. Any simpleton may blunder into one or two successes. Wait till he has to face Albert Sidney Johnston. Why, Grant is no scholar; he knows nothing of military science; he has not read Schalk or Jomini. He stood very low in his class at West Point. Go to, he can be no genius, this Grant." Even late in 1864, when he had pounded the rickety shell of the confederacy till the deafest ears could detect its hollowness and its cracking, people went on calling him butcher and learnedly expounding his lack of science.

And, will you believe the miracle, despite all this, he did not sulk, or scold, or grow sour, or resign;

nor, having risen to the pinnacle of power, did he ever think of revenge. He had no time. The fatherland was in peril and right valiantly must he devote himself to its salvation. He felt the stings, of course, but made no sign. The braying of little critics, the obloquy of men who should have been supporting him, the shots from behind, moved him from his firm base as little as did the cannons of Lee. On he pressed, stout as a Titan, relentless as fate; and what time bravest hearts fainted at victory's delay, this Dreadnaught, this Hercules of ours, furnishing courage for the continent, forced the fighting, swung Antæus from the earth and crushed out his life.

You will anticipate me in recalling another mark of this pervasive magnanimity, Grant's insistence that the full desert of his every subordinate should be recognized and rewarded. It led him not infrequently to disown honors that were in fact his, that he might transfer them to others. From his reports of some of his decisive actions, one would hardly suppose him to have been present at all. Had he not willed it, no General but himself would have been heard of, the last two years of the war; yet half a score of them acquired their immortality then. He could not envy. Now it is Sherman who comes in for rich praise, now Sheridan, Thomas, Schofield, McPherson. Each of these is a hero, whose name schoolboys will recite while history is studied, but each, were he here, would declare it a chief foundation of his fame, that he served under so large-minded and appreciative commanding officer.

And could he who was so generous to friend be otherwise to foe? Let reply come from those Southern officers who marched home from Appomattox Court house, paroled, carrying their captor's blessings; especially from such of them as, but for him, must have been put in new jeopardy of life on charge of treason! Ask the two gallant Confederates who yesterday felt his steel, to-day help carry his coffin! Call back the shades of Robert E. Lee and inquire! Let even Mr. Jefferson Davis speak!

Nay, these need not testify. The world knows the answer and has emblazoned it upon the sky; that this matchless chieftain, whom a nation is at this moment lowering into his grave with tears, was as magnanimous after victory as he was terrible before.

Dying poor as Aristides, the subject of our eulogy left America two priceless and colossal legacies, his deeds and his character; and like wealth in general in whose soever hands it is, they will enrich the world. "For of illustrious men," we read in Thucydides, "the whole earth is the sepulchre. Not alone by columns and inscriptions in their own country are they immortalized; they have their memorials in foreign lands as well, not of stone it may be, but unwritten, in the thoughts of men."

Busts and statues will be chiselled to commemorate our fallen leader. Be it ours, in the language of Tacitus, "so to venerate his memory as to catch the form and figure of his spirit, rather than of his body. Not that images of marble or of bronze should be forbidden, but that imitations of men's faces, like

the faces themselves, are inadequate and mortal.

Only the fashion of the spirit is eternal, and it is to be retained and expressed, not through matter, which is of a different nature, nor yet through art, but by character alone. In human spirits, then, and in history, whatever we have loved and admired in the deathless departed, shall abide till the end of time."

The hymn, "The Lord is my Shepherd," Koschat, was then sung, and Quartermaster General W. F. Hutchinson spoke substantially as follows:

ADDRESS BY DR. W. F. HUTCHINSON.

"It is to me a consoling thought," began Dr. Hutchinson, "in the sense of personal bereavement that comes to me to-day as it comes to us all, that General Grant was not made the victim of any mistake of judgment or of care. If there were the smallest suspicion that but for lack of human knowledge or skill our noble chieftain might still be with us, it would add bitterness to the grief that fills our hearts and stretches its pall far and wide over the land." The speaker briefly reviewed the progress of the fatal disease from the first dread warning received last November, through the days of fortitude and courage to the close; when "on that lonely mountain, whose Scottish name has gained a New World addition to its wide renown, Grant died. Soft breezes swept aside the curtains, caressed the unresponsive brow and vainly tried to enter that loyal breast whose heavings were so soon to be forever stilled. Around him were his dearest ones,

and outside, spread wide over the civilized world, his greater family tearfully awaited the end. Slower and slower came the breathing, the heart grew weak and irregular, until, as dies the summer day when twilight softly comes, he ceased his labor and was at rest.

For us who yet wait, he has passed into that endless night whence no ray of light has ever shone. Into that thick darkness only the eye of faith can penetrate, the faith taught by the Saviour in whom we trust. Yet not by that alone. The economy of God knows no eternal darkness. Even on earth, what is night to us is day to the dwellers in the antipodes and the shadows of our twilight are to them the rosy heralds of another morn. When the lids of those once flaming eyes closed in final farewell to this world it was but to a quick opening upon the full glory of another day, whose light is to know no fading, whose happy hours are to be the eternal guerdon of a well-spent life beneath the stars. There, up there amongst his men who have gone before, our General awaits us, but not alone. Hooker and Burnside, Meade and Lee and Jackson, with scores of other gallant comrades, have welcomed him to the home of the majority, where he, in turn, will greet those who follow in his footsteps. So it is not a last farewell we say to our old commander, it is but "until we meet again." Even in his death his personal influence was manifest. He who in life had conquered peace, in death emphasized the victory, and from the cottage on the hill there went forth over the nation a sentiment of universal grief

that was nearer akin to love than any feeling that had found expression since the great struggle ceased.

But, after all, he is gone. Although we know that this change is a blessed gain, although no friend would recall him to suffering, he is departed and we may never see him more among us. Grief and mourning ever come before resignation, and as we gather to-day to speak our sorrow and mingle our tears with nearer friends, we can but trust that God will so order our lives that at their close we may again join our leader in the Grand Army of the blessed."

The choir then sang the invocation, "Sleep, Comrade, Sleep," Dwyer, and United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich spoke as follows :

ADDRESS BY HON. N. W. ALDRICH.

None of the distinguished honors which a sorrowing nation to-day bestows upon its illustrious dead can be more appropriate than the simple tributes of affection and admiration from Gen. Grant's companions in arms. The veterans who followed the old flag to victory under his leadership may well claim the right to speak of their dead commander, for they had watched his career and studied his character for four anxious years, with a faith and an interest which none others could have felt. During those years of common peril and sufferings, in the midst of disasters and of humiliating failures, he won every heart by his soldierly address, and by deeds which have made his fame immortal. The graceful words of eulogy to which we have listened, by one who could

speak with authority, have recalled the wonderful history of his life, his supreme devotion to duty, his indomitable tenacity of purpose, which neither anticipated nor accepted defeat: his manly common sense, his penetrating clearness of vision and capacity to comprehend at all times and under all conditions of the tremendous conflict how best to use the forces at his command. These are some of the qualities which have made him the greatest captain of our age. His preëminent achievements entitle him to this distinction, and I believe that such will be the judgment of history. In war success is the inevitable criterion of greatness, and his columns never advanced but to victory.

For the sake of both the living and of the dead, we may be thankful that the appreciation of the greatness of Gen. Grant and the mortuary evidences of respect for his memory are shared by the brave men who fought under another flag. The presence to-day at his funeral of late Confederate generals is not alone a token of respect for his personal merits and military skill, and of gratitude for his magnanimity in the hour of triumph. But I believe that the people of the South would be glad to give it a deeper significance, and glad to have it accepted as evidence of a complete acquiescence in the results of the war, and a desire on their part that the passions and prejudices called out by that struggle should be buried from sight forever.

Assuming that the past is secure, let us reciprocate, and victorious and vanquished together unite in harmony by the grave of our dead commander.

Let us dedicate anew our lives to the service of the country he loved so well, to the glory of that indivisible union of States he has done so much to preserve and to perpetuate.

The hymn, "Farewell, Father, Friend and Guardian," Root, the solo being admirably sustained by Mrs. Stone, was then sung, and then the congregation united with the choir in singing "America." The closing prayer and benediction was pronounced by Chaplain Frederic Denison, and at 1 o'clock, the memorial service came to a close. The arrangements were admirable and complete in every particular, and the success of the memorial observance is largely due to the several committees who labored vigorously and indefatigably to that end. The speakers limited their remarks to the allotted time, and the singing by the choir was a most agreeable and impressive feature of the service. The comrades were dismissed at the hall, and doubtless spent the remaining hours of the day in reminiscence of the days of '61-'65, in which the illustrious dead achieved his greatness as a soldier, and enshrined his memory upon the hearts of the Boys in Blue as well as the nation at large.

Press Notice.

LAI'D AT REST.

The last sad rite has been performed; the last gun has been fired; the tolling bells have ceased; the great procession has been dismissed, and after the quiet of this holy Sabbath turn we again to our accustomed duties. May we all be stronger and better because Gen Grant lived—our opportunities are greater and our future brighter by reason of the great services he rendered. Let the lessons of his life sink deep into our hearts. When his country called, he was one of the first to respond, and he was willing, anxious to serve her even in humble station. He rose to the highest rank in the field and achieved a fame that surpassed that of any other American, but it was not by scheming and the pulling down of others that he rose. He was the same quiet, modest man as General of the army as when he commanded a company of volunteers. He did his duty in whatever station he was placed.

Gen. Grant was a man of deeds and not of words. While others planned and talked and promised, he acted. He was never discouraged. Disasters that would have disheartened other men only made him the more determined. His victories were the fruit of long, persistent effort. It was *on this line* that he proposed to fight it out if it took all summer.

Gen. Grant has left us a splendid example of fortitude in the face of death by disease. During the long months of suffering no word of complaint fell from his lips. After he knew that his end was near, and when an ordinary man would have shrunk from even the lightest labors, he took up a work that would have been undertaken with reluctance even by

one in robust health and carried it through with the same calm determination that marked his military achievements.

And last, but not least of the lessons he has left for us is that to be learned from his love for and devotion to his family. Every American home has been honored by it. May his example in this regard sink deep into the hearts of all our people.—*The Star*.

Dirge.

In the *Providence Journal* of July 25th appeared the following dirgeful lines, written on the day of the hero's death, while all the city bells were tolling :

GENERAL GRANT.

Toll, toll, each sacred bell,
Hushed now each joyous peal;
The mournful strokes but tell
The depth of grief we feel.

Beyond where war-trump pleads,
Our Captain peaceful sleeps;
The nation, robed in weeds,
As stricken mother weeps.

The loyal bow to wreath
The bier where crowned he rests;
The muffled drums but breathe
The beatings of our breasts.

Undaunted at his post,
A lion-hearted brave,
He marshalled Freedom's host
And crowning victory gave.

Such magnanimity,
Untainted with conceit,
His vanquished enemy
Bent trusting at his feet.

Our starry flag above
The shrouded form we spread,
In token of the love
We bear the hero dead.

GRANT MEMORIAL.

Deep sobs the storm-tossed main
 Upon the burdened strand;
So throbs with loss and pain
 The bosom of our land.

Rest, valiant leader, rest,
 Chief in our chiefest war,
Thy name unceasing blest,
 Unlimbed shall glow thy star.

July 23, 1885.

F. DENISON.



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